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The Drummer's

GARLAND

Containing

Three New SONGS.

I. The Drummer.
II. The Anſwer.
III. The Maid's Reſolution to go with her Sweet-Heart.

Sold by *J. Wilſon*, in *Caſtle-Street*, *Briſtol*; *H. Berrow*, in *Gooſe-Lane*, *Worceſter*; and *M. Cook*, in *Black-Fryars*, *Glouceſter*.

The Drummer.

To a New Tune.

AS *Jack*, a brisk young Drummer,
was going to his Duty,
he met a lovely Creature,
none could excel for Beauty:
As ſhe drew nigh he courteouſly
ſtept forth and did addreſs her;
for he was bent, without Conſent,
he inſtantly would preſs her.

He ſaid, *My lovely Dear,*
I have Orders for to tell you,
if you don't come a Volunteer,
by Force I muſt compel you:
To ſerve the King it is a Thing
that we cannot gainſay, Love;
and you at once may have Advance,
and enter into Pay, Love.

Kind Sir, you muſt excuſe me,
for I am under Age yet;
my Parents will abuſe me
if I am thus perſuaded:
A Volunteer to be, my Dear,
I may repent my Folly;
likewiſe I fear I cannot bear
the Noiſe of your *Travolly*.

My lovely Maid, be not afraid,
when once you are practiſed
in beating of a Point o' War,
you will not be ſurprized:
Tat-too at Night is my Delight,
and on your Drum *to beat, Love.*
But ſtill, *ſaid ſhe,* I muſt be free,
I hate a dull Retreat, Sir.

The General may call you,
and then my Love is loſt, Sir;
and then the Troops alarm you,
and then my Love is croſs'd, Sir.
My deareſt Dear, you need not fear,
I'll beat you a Travolly;
before we part I'll raiſe your Heart,
and drive off Melancholy.

I own, my dear Drum-Major,
I love to find you rally;
whilſt you are the Engager
pray give the other Sally:
If you are true I'll go with you,
I love a treble Beating.
I'll never flinch from you an Inch,
I hate to be retreating.

Then you may brace my Drum,
I hate to be aſhaming;
and ſince with you I do comply,
I hate your Taps and Flamming:
I do prefer a Point o' War,
or a Set of Travollies,
above all that the Drum doth beat;
the other are but Follies.

But if I brace too hard, Love,
the Drum-Head may chance to crack,
and it would be expenſive
the ſame for to repair back.
Balk not that, I'll tell you what,
the Skin is better tanned;
if that ſhould break, then me forſake,
I ne er will be aſhamed.

The Answer.

To the same Tune.

LADIES, to your Arms,
(Hark! hark! the Drums do rattle)
And exercise your Charms
Against the coming Battle;
Ye Nymphs divine, who'd foremost shine
In *Cupid*'s fierce Alarms:
Now, now prepare yourselves for War,
And learn to use your Arms. *Tol*, &c.

When you are finely dress'd, Miss,
Gently skim the verdant Plain;
Bear aloft your Breast, Miss,
And gallant be your Part and Mien;
Not feign a Sop, now toss your Hoop,
Let all the Top Spectators view,
With ravish'd Eyes, almost your Th——s,
Your Leg and Foot, and Golden Shoe.

Noble be your Air, Miss,
Twinkle with your sparkling Eye;
Dareless flow your Hair, Miss,
In waving Ringlets let it fly:
Now flirt the Fan, now eye the Man,
Now hurl the penetrating Dart;

That's right, my Child, he's almoſt foil'd,
T'other Touch and you've his Heart.

Stately rear your Head, Miſs,
Crown with Smiles your pretty Face;
Let a baſhful Eye, Miſs,
Spread around, it's a Sign of Grace:
If he dare eye, mock Modeſty,
Upon the Ground your Eyes be thrown,
'Till ſick with Love, he cannot move,
Then t'other Glance, and he's your own.

Cupid's loud Alarms
Rouze the ſprightly Fair;
Glory ſays, *To Arms*,
And flouriſhes a Point of War:
With heaving Cheſt, and panting Breaſt,
The unguarded Beau ſurprize, Miſs;
Then toſs a Dart into his Heart
From Neck and Eye, Miſs.

The Maid's Reſolution to go with her SWEET-HEART.

FArewel, my deareſt Jewel,
my own dear Heart's Delight;
after a bright Evening
there comes a dark Night:
But of all Temptations

thou haſt cauſed me to rue,
and ſhall I go with thee, Love,
O no no no.

I'll go to his Captain,
and down on my Knees,
if five or ten Pounds
will buy his Diſcharge:
if that will do,
then with him I'll go;
and ſhall I go with thee, Love,
O no no no.

If my Love ſtands Centry
in a cold Winter's Day,
his Beauty will fade,
and his Colour Decay:
To ſee him ſtand Centry
grieves my Heart ſore;
and ſhall I go with you, Love,
O no no no.

I'll go along with you,
and ſleep in your Arms,
ſo ſafe and ſecure
I'll keep you from Harm;

I'll ſtand for the Centrry,
and keep off the Foe;
and ſhall I go with you, Love,
O no no no.

To ſee jolly Sailors
March over the Downs,
the Drums they ſhall beat,
and the Trumpets they ſhall ſound,
to ſee them march along:
and ſhall I go with you, Love,
O no no no.

If the Rout comes on Sunday,
to march away on Monday
the Drums they ſhall beat,
and the Hautboy ſhall play;
your Heart may be glad, Love,
but mine's full of Woe:
And ſhall I go with you, Love,
O no no no.

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